



An I Can Read book



Mouse tells weasel that his soup will not taste good unless he puts some stories into it. Then he sits down and tells weasel four funny stories. They're good to listen to, but weasel finds out that they do not make tasty soup!

"Whatever their choice, thanks to this series of books, many children will make the delighted assertion 'I CAN READ' and will want to go on reading."

Jill Bennett



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Mouse Soup

ARNOLD LOBEL



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HEINEMANN · LONDON

Mouse Soup



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THE STORIES FOR THE SOUP

BEEES AND THE MUD 12



TWO LARGE STONES 22



THE CRICKETS 32



THE THORN BUSH 42





A mouse
sat under a tree.
He was reading a book.



A weasel
jumped out
and caught the mouse.

The weasel
took the mouse home.
“Ah!” said the weasel.
“I am going to make
mouse soup.”
“Oh!” said the mouse.
“I am going to *be*
mouse soup.”





The weasel put the mouse
in a cooking pot.

"WAIT!" said the mouse.

"This soup will not taste good.

It has no stories in it.

Mouse soup must be mixed
with stories
to make it taste really good."

"But I have no stories,"
said the weasel.

"I do," said the mouse.

"I can tell them now."

"All right," said the weasel.

"But hurry. I am very hungry."

"Here are four stories
to put in the soup," said the mouse.





BEES AND THE MUD

A mouse was walking
through the woods.

A nest of bees
fell from a tree.

It landed on the top of his head.

“Bees,” said the mouse,
“you will have to fly away.

I do not want a nest of bees
sitting on the top
of my head.”





But the bees said,
“We like your ears,
we like your nose,
we like your whiskers.
Oh yes, this is a fine place
for our nest.
We will never fly away.”



The mouse was upset.
He did not know
what to do.
The buzzing of the bees
was very loud.
The mouse walked on.
He came to a muddy swamp.

"Bees," said the mouse,
"I have a nest like yours.
It is my home.
If you want to stay on my head,
you will have to
come home with me."

"Oh yes," said the bees.
"We like your ears,
we like your nose,
we like your whiskers.
We will be glad
to come home with you."



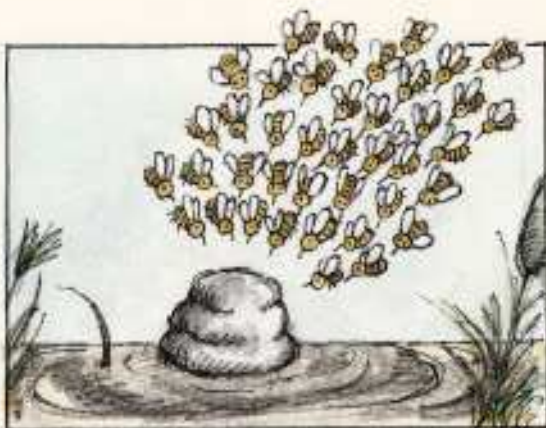
"Very well," said the mouse.
He stepped into the mud
up to his knees.
"Here is my front door,"
said the mouse.
"Oh yes," said the bees.



The mouse
stepped into the mud
up to his waist.
“Here is my living room,”
said the mouse.
“Oh yes,” said the bees.



The mouse
stepped into the mud
up to his chin.
“Here is my bedroom,”
said the mouse.
“Oh yes,” said the bees.

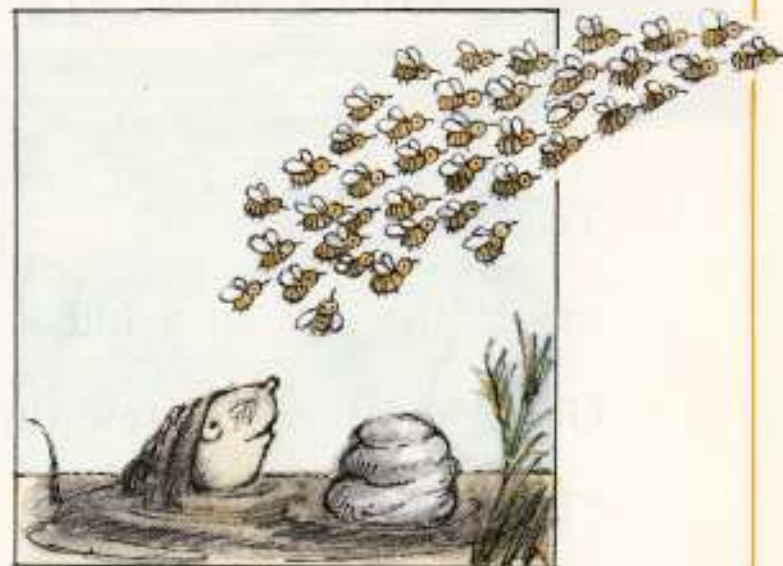


"And now I will go to sleep,"
said the mouse.

He ducked his head
under the mud.

"Oh no!" said the bees.

"We like your front door.
We like your living room.
We like your bedroom.



But no, no, no,
we do not like your bed!"

The bees jumped up into the air
and flew away.

The mouse went home
to have a bath.



TWO LARGE STONES

Two large stones
sat on the side of a hill.
Grass and flowers grew there.
“This side of the hill
is nice,”
said the first stone.
“But I wonder
what is on
the other side
of the hill?”



“We do not know.
We never will,”
said the second stone.



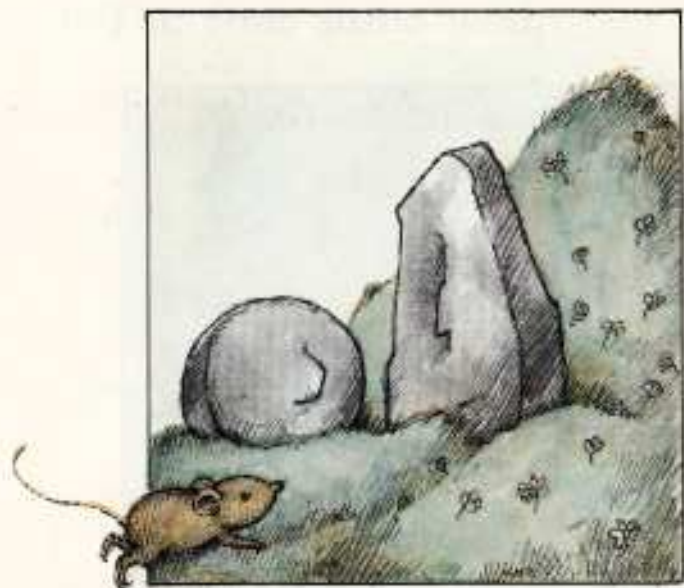
One day
a bird flew down.
“Bird, can you tell us
what is on the other side
of the hill?”
asked the stones.

The bird flew up into the sky.
He flew high over the hill.
He came back and said,
“I can see towns and castles.
I can see mountains
and valleys.
It is a wonderful sight.”



The first stone said,
“All of those things
are on the other side
of the hill.”
“How sad,”
said the second stone.
“We cannot see them.
We never will.”
The two stones
sat on the side of the hill.
They felt sad
for one hundred years.



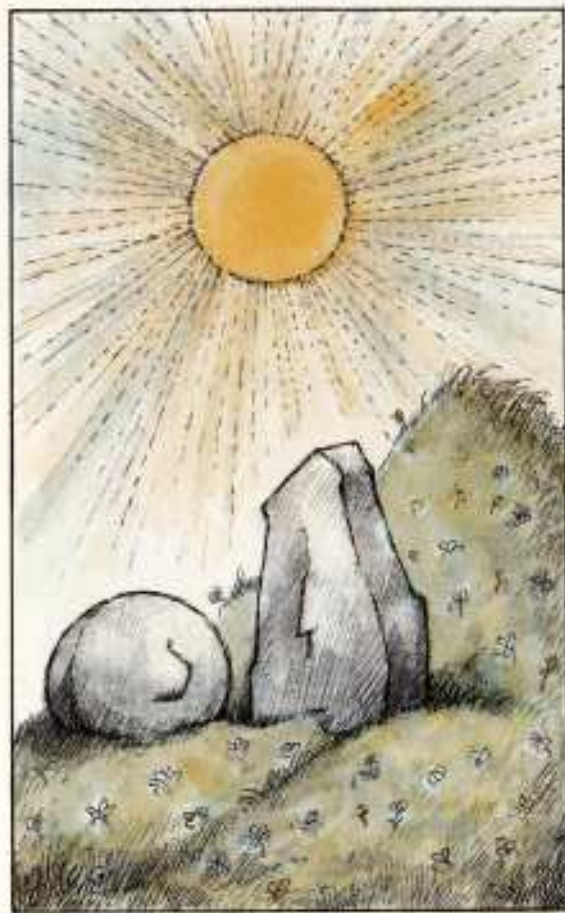


One day
a mouse walked by.
“Mouse, can you tell us
what is on the other side
of the hill?”
asked the stones.

The mouse climbed up the hill.
He put his nose over the top
and looked down.
He came back and said,
“I can see earth and stones.
I can see grass and flowers.
It is a wonderful sight.”



The first stone said,
“The bird
told us a lie.
That side of the hill
looks just the same
as this side
of the hill.”
“Oh good!”
said the second stone.
“We feel happy now.
We always will.”





THE CRICKETS

One night a mouse woke up.
There was a chirping sound
outside her window.
“What is that noise?”
asked the mouse.
“What did you say?”
asked a cricket.
“I cannot hear you
and make my music
at the same time.”

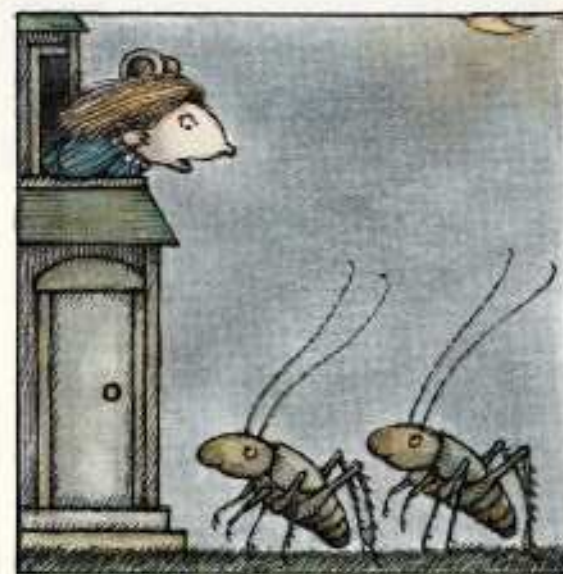


“I want to sleep,”
said the mouse.
“I do not want
any more music.”



"What did you say?"
asked the cricket.
"You want more music?
I will find a friend."

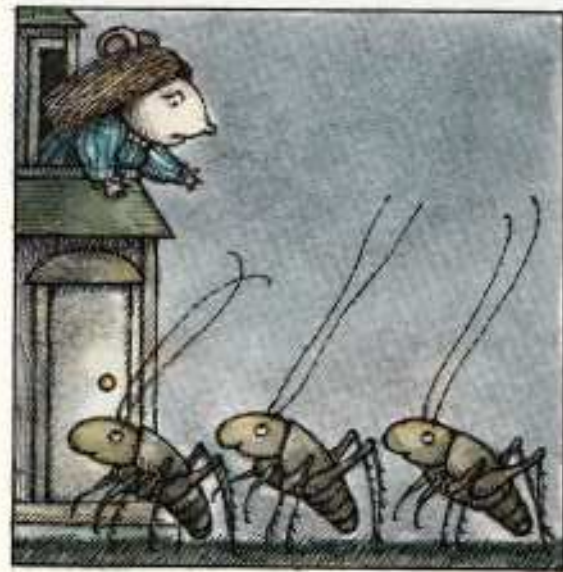
Soon there were
two crickets chirping.
"I want you
to stop the music,"
said the mouse.
"You are giving me more!"





"What did you say?"
asked the cricket.
"You want more music?"
We will find another friend."

Soon there were
three crickets chirping.
"You must stop the music,"
said the mouse.
"I am tired.
I cannot take much more!"



"What did you say?"

asked the cricket.

"You want much more music?"

We will find
many friends."

Soon there were
ten crickets chirping.

"Stop!" cried the mouse.

"Your music
is too loud!"

"Loud?" asked the cricket.

"Yes, we can chirp loud."



So the ten crickets
chirped
very loud.

"Please!" shouted the mouse.

"I want to sleep.

I wish that you would all

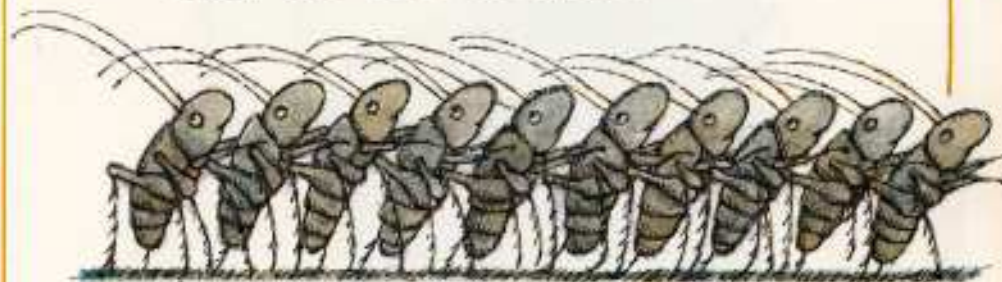


"Go away?" asked the cricket.

"Why didn't you say so

in the first place?"

"We will go away
and chirp somewhere else,"
said the ten crickets.



They went away
and chirped somewhere else.



And the mouse went back to sleep.



THE THORN BUSH

An old lady
went to the door
of her house.
She was crying.
A policeman came running.
“Dear lady,”
said the policeman,
“why are you crying?”
“Come in,” said the old lady.
“I will show you.”





“Look, there is
a thorn bush
growing in
my living-room chair,”
said the old lady.

“How did it get there?”

asked the policeman.

“I do not know,”

said the old lady.

“One day I sat down
and something hurt me.

I got up.

There was the thorn bush.”



"You poor lady,"
said the policeman.
"I will pull the thorn bush
out of your chair.
Then you can sit down again."
"No!" cried the old lady.
"Don't do that!
I do not want to sit down.
I have been sitting down
all my life.
I love my thorn bush.
I am crying because it is not well.



See?" said the old lady.
"All of the branches
are falling over."

"The thorn bush
may be thirsty,"
said the policeman.
"Perhaps it needs water."
"I never thought of that,"
said the old lady.
She poured some water
on the chair.



The thorn bush
shivered and shook.



Green leaves came out
on the branches.



Little buds came out
near the leaves.



The buds opened up.
They became large roses.

"Thank you, kind policeman!"
cried the old lady.

"You have saved
my thorn bush!

You have made
my house beautiful!"

She kissed the policeman
and gave him a big bunch
of roses to take home.





"There," said the mouse.

"I have told you my stories.

They will make your mouse soup
taste really good."

"All right," said the weasel,

"but how can I
put the stories into the soup?"

"That will be easy,"

said the mouse.

"Run outside and find

a nest of bees,

some mud,

two large stones,

ten crickets,

and a thorn bush.

Come back

and put them

all into the soup."



The weasel ran outside
very fast.
He forgot to close the door.

The weasel found
a nest of bees.
He was stung many times.





The weasel found
some mud.
It was wet and gooey.

The weasel found
two large stones.
They were heavy.



The weasel found
ten crickets.
He had to jump
to catch them.



The weasel found
a thorn bush.
He was pricked
and scratched.



"Now my mouse soup
will taste really good!"
said the weasel.

But when the weasel
came back to his house,
he found a surprise.
The cooking pot was empty.





The mouse hurried
to his safe home.



He lit the fire,
he ate his supper,



and he finished
reading his book.